THE EMERALD

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE PIRATE HORDE.

PART I.

By the author of "The Rival Harps."

"SHE comes not yet! The bellowing wind blows to the shore, and yet her white wings are hidden from my eyes. The evil spirit sweeps over the dark waves—the rock groans, as it stems the mighty surf, and the heron shrieks, while I have passed a weary night; in vain, with pine faggots I feed the fire, the light cannot penetrate the misty clouds, and the chief of the waves knows not which way to bend his course."

Such were the words that fell from the lips of Yorra, as she fed the beacon-fire with faggots of rotten pine, upon a solitary rock, far projecting into the bosom of the sea. The waves dashed their glittering spray over the flames, as they struggled to dissipate the gloominess that brooded over the deep; and now and then a pale streak of lightning flickered in mimic gladness along the ocean, only to display the majesty of its anger. In vain rolled the doubling thunder, in vain howled the stormy wind; still true to her trust, Yorra watched with anxiety, the return of the corsair, and kept alive the beacon which should guide his prow to safe moorings.

The history of this girl, thus far, may be told in a few words. In the days of her youth, she had been the pride of her father, a powerful Carribean chief, whose warriors were victorious on land, and whose canoes covered the sea. One dark and stormy night, the crew of a Spanish ship were obliged to seek the shore, and leave their vessel a prey to the winds and waves. They all fell into the hands of the natives, and would have been masacred, had not the Indian princess thrown herself at her father's feet, and begged his merey for the helpless sufferors. The old chief, obeying the impulse of the parental feeling, yielded, on condition, that they should leave the coast in two moons; and Yorra, with a heart bounding with joy, flew to inform Guiscard, the captain, of her success. The youth displayed his gratitude to her by signs, which she translated into expressions of love, and gave immediate orders to proceed to build a vessel out of the fragments of the wreck.

Poor Yorra's heart burnt for the young Spaniard. Daily she saw him, and felt that she could gladly leave her native wild woods to live with him. Guiscard was not blind to her attachment,—he read it in the glance of her dark eye, he read it in her every feature; and he was determined to profit by it. The time passed, and the vessel was ready for sea. But who can tell the anguish of the Indian maid, when she saw that the white men were about to depart? She determined, and her whole happiness rested on the issue. Guiscard had told her that he loved her, and he surely could not leave her; she therefore sought him, and made known her determination to depart with him! At first the Spaniard tried to dissuade her, but finding her inflexible, he agreed. In the night the vessel departed, but her progress was slow, and soon a wild yell from the shore told that the Carribeans had missed Yorra. Many minutes had not passed, before the calm bosom of the sea was ruffled by a fleet of canoes, which swiftly bounded toward the vessel. With a hideous howl they boarded her, led on by Yorra's brother, who fell by the hands of the desperate maiden as he was advancing towards her lover. At that moment a favourable breeze sprung up, and the vessel soon cleared the reach of the deadly missiles of the Indians.

To the period at which my story commences, Yorra had been the associate of Guiscard, the captain of a desperate pirate. He loved her partly through gratitude, and partly through fear; and she, in her rude simplicity, knew nothing but affection and fidelity. When he was present, she would talk with him in his native tongue, which five years' practice had taught her; and when absent, she would nightly feed the beacon-fire, to guide his wandering bark towards her harbour of rest.

The glimmerings of dawn began to spread in the east, when the keen eye of Yorra discovered the white sails of the schooner upon the dim horizon; nobly stemming the frothy waves, she made toward the harbour, and soon passed the beacon-rock, her reefed sails bellying to the keen wind. "Yorra is glad," said the maid to herself, while bounding along the rocky shore toward her rude hut, "her heart is light—she will weep no more, for Sea-gull does not love to see tears, and she will not offend him. But why should Yorra smile?—she has no home, no father, no mother, no brothers, no friends. They are all across the big sea, and she will never see them again; but the great spirit be with them, though they curse Yorra." She entered the hut as she uttered the last sentence, and prepared a coarse repast for her pirate lord.

I will now transfer the attention of the reader to the schooner which had just entered the cove. She was, what sailors term, a trim built vessel; rode gallantly upon the waves, jammed the very teeth of the wind; and in short, was just such as Long Tom might be proud of. Her sides were painted black, saving a narrow streak of red, just beneath the gunwale, which too plainly told her character, not mentioning the blood-red ensign that fluttered at her mast head. The anchor had scarcely fallen, and the schooner swung round with her prow towards the wind, when the commander, a handsome, yet austere looking Spaniard, sprang into a boat, followed by four savage-visaged sailors, and made for the shore. A sullen silence reigned until the boat keeled upon the pebbly strand; when a voice from the shore exclaimed, "who goes there?"—"Guiscard," was the reply, and the pirates leapt from the boat.

Felix, a young American, who was the interrogator, now advanced and saluted the free-booter, who stood thoughtfully watching his men, as they drew the boat beyond the reach of the surf, and laid her oars high up on shore.

"Felix!"—exclaimed the haughty pirate, turning to the young man, "you pass for a kind of leech among the crew, do you not?"

"They have been pleased to make me doctor, surgeon, carpenter, sailmaker or whatever my genius seemed to point at."

"If you are no quack,"—returned Guiscard, "you doubtless can tell my ailings. It seems to be a privilege of your country to scatter over the earth, beings, who, by a little smattering of things in general, win from fools the title of men of sense; while the wiser part of the human creation, to which class I shall attach myself, judge them to be jacks of all trades, good at none."

"My country, sir!"—retorted the youth, with an honest glow upon his cheeks,—"I am proud of it."

"Curse your country!"—exclaimed the pirate indignantly, "so is the sooty African proud of his complexion, so are swine proud of the filth they wallow in. Speak not to me of your country's freedom: it is a ragged phantom that stalks through the brains of your poets; nor of her greatness, 'tis such as this outlawed sword could reap from the muddiest swamp of this island, by *punching* frogs." "You are a Spaniard, sir," answered Felix, "your bosom doubtless swells for the glory of your country, and your tongue loves to utter her praise; then, must an American be wanting in this virtue?"

"A Spaniard I am by birth," was the reply, "but I belong to no nation"—my home is the world, my pillow the sea. I cannot trumpet the glory of Spain—degenerate, ignoble Spain! She is lost to me, lost to the world. But, Felix, you are an honest fellow, though a yankee; we have reaped much benefit from your services; and for an American, you stand high with the crew. Come feel my pulse, and tell me my malady."

Felix hesitated a moment, as reflecting that to impress him with a high idea of his skill, would be to win a greater share of his confidence, he took his hand, saying, as he felt his pulse. "It requires not the most penetrating judgment to determine what ails you. Your pulse is quick, and consequently, the feelings are in a state of excitement: the heart, the source from which those feelings spring, of course, must be heated; the cause of that heat is—love."

"Well done, thou learned disciple of Esculapius!" said Guiscard, laughing; "it is a pity you have not a greater field for display. Love may be a partial cause; yet what has an outlawed buccanier to do with that soft sensibility which would better become the bosoms of those courteous manikins who flit around a lady's toilet?—It is disappointment, it is indignation; and I could almost weep for my *comrades*, had my eyes ever known how to shed tears. But no more of this," continued he turning suddenly round to the men, "we have had a tough fight. Moor the schooner snug under the northern cliffs; and Felix, do you look at the wounded."

The sailors flew to the boat, and were soon lost in the mist of night; while the captain slowly walked toward the hut, where Yorra had kindled a cheerful fire and spread a rough repast. As he entered the door, the Indian maid flew toward him, and threw her arms tenderly around his neck, welcomed him with a kiss. He pushed her from him, and sullenly seated himself before the blazing faggots. Yorra could not brook this sudden coldness; and for a moment her dark eye flashed with indignation; but, again melting into softness, she advanced toward him, and said, "Sea-gull! thou art angry to night—perhaps thou art weary with toil; nay, I will guide thee to thy bed of leaves, and thou shalt lay thy head upon this faithful

breast and sleep the sleep of peace, while Yorra will watch thy slumbers, and calm the locks upon her warrior's brow---see! I have brought thee yams; and from the valley of limes, where the ghosts of happy red people love to tarry, I've brought these golden fruit for thee. With swift feet I chased the fierce jaguar---my arrow drank his blood; behold, this is his skin. Take it, chief of the wave!—my limbs are warm, and thine are numbed with cold." In vain she proffered the skin to Guiscard, he refused, and she threw it aside in dejection. "Perhaps this nut," continued she, offering him a cocoa, "for it I climbed the lofty tree. Carribee would be glad to drink its juice. This too thou dost refuse!---sea-warrior! hath Yorra done thee wrong? If she hath, be just---strike her low, for she cannot live beyond thy love."

"Yorra!" exclaimed the stern pirate, without turning his fixed gaze from the faggots, "I wish you no harm. This day has been a sorrowful day with us. Many a soul, which, at morning dawn beat high in its fleshy tenement; hath now flown to taste the blisses of heaven, or the agonies of hell. Had I been enbalmed with endless life, or invulnerable to the destructive missiles of the enemy, I could not have stood the conflict better. I saw my bravest men fall, one by one around me: glory crowned them in the moment of death, and, by the light, I swear they shall not be unavenged. Our guns told true, and the Fustian flag of the yankee brig was rent to tatters by our musquetry. We closed and grappled, while the blood flowed copiously along our schooner's seams. The guns were hushed, save now and then a random shot from mast head. We struggled blade to blade, and as I cleaved my way through their tottering ranks, to strike their stubborn banner low; I saw a young girl, pale and fainting on the deck. I raised her in my arms and would have borne her unmolested to our gallant schooner, but a youth, such a one as might better wield a quill than a cutlass, sprung furiously on me. Still clinging to my lovely prize, I warded his blade, and hurled the stripling at my feet. He is a captive now, and lives to suffer the most exquisite tortures that brain could invent. The bloody scene terminated with the blowing up of the enemy's vessel with her crew and cargo. A profitable days work this! but, by heavens, I'll be revenged."

He clenched his fist as he muttered the last sentence; while Yorra, in whose heart jealousy had already begun to kindle its gnawing flames, angrily asked, "what would ye with the fair-skinned maiden, Sea-gull!" The pirate only muttered, "woo her, win her--have her." The poor girl had her burning face between her hands, and sighed heavily as she exclaimed; "and Yorra will be left like a wounded dove, to die upon the scorching sands--forsaken and unpitied. But, let the white man beware of her arrow; Sea-gull! it hath pierced many a heart more hard than thine. The Carribee's revenge is deep; she can love--she can hate! The sun rises in splendor, but the dark clouds gather before it, and the storm is furious. So is it with Yorra; bright was the day that dawned in her bosom, but the mist of the storm is spreading over it, and the lightning of her vengeance shall burst upon thy race!" She rushed from the hut as the last words were falling from her lips.

Guiscard had never feared the Indian till now, for her dark and vindictive character had never before betrayed itself. There was a wild determination in her look, as she threatened him with her vengeance, and her eye betrayed the workings of a troubled soul, as she rushed from his presence. Yorra possessed nothing more, nor less than the characteristic passions of her race, noble and generous in heart, quick to reward for a benefit conferred, but as quick to be revenged for an insult given. She was a child of nature; her first impressions were lasting, and even made more powerful by time; she vainly believed that none could rival her in the affections of the lordly buccaneer; but when she heard his description of the fair skinned maiden, and his avowal of love, her affection gave way to the more powerful impulse of jealousy, and she opened her heart to the pleasing hope of revengo.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

The Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries Compared.

(Written in 1826.*)*

Generations feel as much complacency as individuals, in the importance of those events, with which they are most immediately concerned.

An age may be as vain and self-important as a man. Nor has any generation ever passed over the earth, more boastful than our own. Our orators extol the deeds of the South Americans and Greeks, as if they were not merely the exploits of brave men, but such as fixed the most interesting [illegible] in civil law and government. They boast of them, not merely as [illegible] independence, but as strong foundations for all just rebellion, as contests for principles on which the liberty of man must be established. We speak in the same pompous strain of missionary labours, as original examples, which the present age is to leave for the guidance of all that shall succeed. We are disposed to think as highly of our books, our science, our internal improvements, of ourselves, in short and of all that we accomplish. And indeed it cannot be denied, that all these things are highly interesting and important. The present occupants of the material creation, have their part to do in its affairs, and no part is useless, no event without its consequences.

But we are not doers of the greatest deeds. We are not spectators of the most important changes, either in the political or the religious systems of the human race. We follow, much more than we shall lead. The actions of our contemporaries are effects, more generally, than they are causes. We apply precedents, rather than create them. We copy more than we originate. For principles, precedents, examples, our posterity will be indebted more to the eighteenth century, than to the present. How much more momentous were those principal discussions, which resulted in the revolutions of the last century, those original principles, on which the men of that time founded their political maxims, that calm, firm spirit which supported the leaders of our people, in a course which no example had marked out, or that headlong, impetuous zeal which led the politics of another contemporary nation in a direction as unprecedented—than the servile imitations of the same events, which are acting before our eyes. What interest has the rebellion of men, who had suffered beyond endurance, compared with a revolution for principle alone—the resistance of a people who had little to lose by defeat, compared with the revolt of a nation, who hazarded the greatest privileges?--the revolution of Spanish provinces and Turkish subjects, compared with that of colonies of England and subjects of Louis the sixteenth?

From twenty to eighty years ago, all the great events in Europe and America were new. Calculation and political foresight were unable to disclose any thing of the future, for there was no analogous past, to reveal it to them. The greatest importance was justly attached to every national event, because the fate of the whole world seemed to depend on the decision of each hour. We can easily conceive of the intense interest which the uncertainty of the future, combined with its immense importance was calculated to excite. The feelings with which we look for news of the revolutionary armies, is cold in difference, compared with the anxiety, with which the events of the last century, and the first two years of the present were expected. Is the strength of South America to fail?--the ancient tyranny must be endured a few years longer. Was Pitt to be found wanting to his tremendous task---the greatest nation of the world must fall from her power. Is the cause of Greece destined to prevail?—a few thousand men will change their masters. Was the fate of Napoleon to crown him still with victory—perhaps the whole world would bow their necks to his power. We are sure of the ultimate issue of the contests now pending. No one could guess the event of the wars of the last age. All is now matter of sober calculation. We know that the seeds of liberty have taken deep root in the soil of all christendom, and that the vine will flourish and bear fruit, if not in this summer, nor in the next, yet in a few years, and forever. However great then may be our concern to foresee the time and the manner, in which freedom is destined to prevail, we cannot experience that intense degree of interest, which our fathers must have felt, when wholly uncertain of it.

All the other important interests of the human race, are in like manner, comparatively fixed. In the last century, the great principles were established, the fundamental opinions settled. There is nothing now to be accomplished, but the prosecution of these, through the whole series of effects, to their ultimate issue. The exertions of our contemporaries are highly important, in carrying forward this complicated series, but far less interesting than the efforts of our predecessors, on whose success, the direction of the entire train seemed to depend.

Yet, though on this account, we cannot regard the history of our own times, with that intense anxiety, which attaches to an earlier period, there is still sufficient interest in all events, to keep the mind of the observer in a state of healthful activity. We have no reason to lament the want of a restless and morbid excitement, when the action of the mind is regular and constant. A writer or a reader in 1826, may find enough of interest to serve any useful purpose, at the same time that he finds the public, and his own mind at leisure to attend to, and inclined to admire, whatever form of literary excellence is presented to their view.

HORATIO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

WHAT'S IN A NAME!

The lawyer of a country town in England—ah! reader of mine! such a man is of no small importance in the small town where he makes his dwelling. A very important personage is he, as every one will have seen, who has been in this state—the parson, the lawyer, and the schoolmaster. They are always looked up to with reverence by the inhabitants. If a man then desire eminence, let him become a lawyer, and settle in Massachusetts—I will ensure him the deference of his own village,—at least—but—but—if he would have love and shun fear—wise man is he, if he flees from the profession of law. I asked a man once how he liked the profession of the law? He looked extremely wise; put his hand in his pocket, and took it out again, once or twice; and finally said, "Why, there's no harm in the *law*—as I knows on; I spose the *law* is well 'nough—but them are lawyers—they gets hold on't, and then it goes just as they say, you see—confound 'em." Well I was about saying that toward the west of Massachusetts, there is a town called Middleham (I find the gazetters extremely deficient in respect to this town—it is not once named in them)—it contains inhabitants enough to support a lawyer, and therefore, one it had, in name Theophilus Buck, esq. The lawyer of Middleham was one of the best specimens of the genus; while his shrewd

ness, and skilfulness, and wit at the bar, gave him the respect of the profession; his honesty and his pacific disposition, two things rather more pleasing in a lawyer, than in any one else: and his generosity, gained him the love and the good will of the people around him; so that he was not only fast growing in fame, but also in something better—namely, that without which, one is now but poorly off, *id est*, cash.

A year ago the lawyer was sitting at his table, deeply engaged in the mysteries of the business, when he received a note requesting him to attend at the house of Nicholas Harrington, to the drawing up of a will at half after nine precisely. Now what on earth said Buck as he poked the note under the coals, and then leaned back in his chair—I say what under Heaven can have induced the old oddity to make his will, and even employ a lawyer to draw it, in spite of his profound hatred of every limb of the law, from, as he says, the serjeant downward; always in his estimate including your humble servant, Theophilus Buck. "William," said he to his clerk, "you know Harrington, that was a merchant a little while ago in Boston?" "Yes, sir," said he--"Rather a strange man he is too." "Yes," said the lawyer, "I went to school with him forty years ago, and that we are old acquaintances, I know by the sign that we have often been whipped to-be long called friends, I don't see what [illegible]—however, since then we have been in scenes entirely different—he behind the counter, and I toiling at the law; I do not, and cannot see though, how he ever prospered in the business of trade—for he was always extremely positive and obstinate. I believe his clothes have been of the same colour ever since he was a boy—and all for the simple reason that he has always had the same house-keeper; for he would long ago have altered the colour, but that his woman, as he terms her, has always been urging him to do it—so that out of the mere spirit of contradiction, he has never done it. However, I must go and see him, and while I am gone, I wish you would copy that deed, and cast up that note which is to be settled to-day"—-and away went the worthy lawyer. "Good morning," said he, as he entered his old schoolfellow's door. "Good morning," was the reply; now don't let us have any talk, but sit down, and draw me a will, in which I give all my property, except a legacy of three thousand dollars, to my nephew, Nicholas Brandon, on condition that he keeps his present name; and the said legacy to my niece, Ellen Winter." "But" said Buck, "if he *does* alter his name?" "Well, I was getting to that—don't you hurry me—and say then, that in case of his altering his name, the order is reversed--that the property falls to her, and the legacy to him." "Yes, well directly,--how long have you lived in Boston?" "Make out the will; what do you ask questions for?" "Never mind: only answer the question, the will shall be drawn; never fear." "Well then," said Harrington, "I have been in Boston forty-three years." This was said in the same tone, and with the same grace as you would suppose a dancing bear to express himself if he had the gift of speech. "Ah," said Buck, who seemed to take a pleasure in troubling his old friend, "ah, Harrington, do you forget the trick that we played long ago, upon the old deacon? alas! that was a grievous day when you left school, and we parted; we shook hands then as though we were never to shake again, long and heartily: and now it does hardly seem, as if that could have been forty-three years ago; but time works sad changes among us. Well, I suppose that now you have come to settle yourself down here, in your old home, for the rest of your life, yes, and with more of the riches of this life than I can boast, an advantage which, however, is more than balanced in my view, by the advantage of my being married, while you have remained single." "Advantage," said Harrington, sneeringly, "advantage indeed; come, draw the will, and we will talk on old matters afterwards," so the will was drawn.

Nicholas Harrington was, as the reader has discovered, an old bachelor, and a better heart than his, never man possessed, although it was dressed up in a strange guise. He had been a merchant in Boston, and now he had returned to Middleham, the home of his youth, with a large fortune, there to spend his remaining days, among the scenes of his boyhood, with no relations on the wide earth, but Nicholas Brandon and Ellen Winter. Nicholas had lately dropt some words upon the subject of altering his name from Nicholas to Charles, the name of his father, but seeing that it was not pleasing to his uncle, he had left the subject; but the consequence of what he had said upon it, was the framing of his uncle's will by the hand of our worthy lawyer.

Speaking of him, Brandon, I will state for them who are interested in such matters, that he was tall and slender, possessed a Roman nose and a high forehead, and was held by the ladies to be one of the two beaux of the village: and for the particular satisfaction of myself, that he was in character rather impetuous. Too apt to do, or say any thing which struck him at first thought, and thus, yet he knew it well enough; he afterward repented, and he often knew that he was doing something that he ought not to do in *such haste*, but yet it was done, and thus he was continually acting without looking at the consequences. Well, his faults were small, his virtues great. I would that as much could be said of every man. He loved Mary Davis, the fairest little girl in the world, *he* said, and I have no idea of contradicting him. Indeed, she must have been beautiful, for William Stacy, the other beau of the village, was one of her refused lovers, and a lady who could bring both beaux to her feet, must have been as my friend Jo would say, something extra. William Stacy had been the firm friend of Nicholas, but alas! this rivalry in love makes terrible work in friendship. Aglades and Orestes were no doubt great friends, but I doubt whether they ever were rivals. Stacy hated Brandon *now* most cordially. Indeed, his soul never was capacious enough *in that* respect, to admit of his loving *any* person, save from selfishness. And now there occurred a most favourable opportunity, for revenging himself on her who had slighted him, and on him whom she preferred. He was Buck's clerk, and as such, heard from him the tenor of the old bachelor's will, and immediately he began to lay his plans. He was yet in habits of intimacy with Brandon, who supposed him to be his dearest friend, for he was little acquainted with deception. Had *he* hated a man, he would have made him know and feel it in the depths of his soul; not even would he have desired to conceal it for a moment. Well then, at a certain pleasure party, Stacy was present, and found Brandon already there, and by the side of his Mary. He walked up to him, and taking a chair, after shaking hands with him and Mary, and inquiring after their healths, and all that, without saying one word upon the weather. He chatted sociably for some time, and then leaving them, surrendered himself to Ellen Winter for the evening. Ellen was a beautiful and amiable girl of seventeen, and possessing a certain fortune of four thousand dollars, beside what she might expect from her uncle. She was quite an object to all the young men of the village, however, her heart was still whole; she had as yet hardly heard the whistling of love's dart, much less felt its wound. She greatly resembled her cousin both in character and person, snd if there were on earth a being that she loved, it was that cousin. "Come, Mr. Stacy," said she, as he seated himself by her, "come, now I want to have your opinion and that of Nicholas, upon a certain question, which I have to propose. You are both well acquainted with these things, come cousin," and she looked up at him as he came and stood behind her chair, "now here is a man I found to day, who says that no man is born a poet, but that *any* man can *make* himself a poet; now let us have your opinions on the matter, for wise men are ye both in this." "Well then," said Stacy, "since a lady has laid her commands on me to speak, I must say that I agree exactly with the writer that you have mentioned." "Very well," said Ellen, "what then are your reasons?" "Why, in the first place, I can by no means see if man can learn to write *better* poetry by practice, as every man can, why he cannot learn to write it *altogether* by practice; and secondly, I don't see why if man can *learn* to write prose, he should not as well be able to learn to write poetry; and the more so, inasmuch as being necessitated to invent his rhymes, and form his lines to them, he has the prose to learn." "Well cousin," said the lively Ellen, "you must be on the other side I know, come, what have *you* to say." "Why Ellen, all that I have to say is, that we might argue months and years upon the subject, and never come to the determination of it after all; the fact is, Stacy, you say that men, since they can improve in writing, can make themselves *altogether* poets, when the fact is, that if they had not been gifted naturally with a poetic genius, they would have had none to improve, and as to your second objection, I am willing to allow, that any man may write tolerable *grammar*, but, I assert that it is a gift of nature which enables men to become elegant and splendid writers even of prose; for if genius be a gift of nature, so too is that divine faculty of writing which is a part of genius; so you see, Miss Ellen, after all, it gets to be a mere matter of assertion." "Yes, I see!"—"No you need not answer, William; you will be scolding directly, and then bethink you, where will your chivalry have fled in the presence of ladies," and Stacy *was* just getting angry, for now that his friendship was gone, every trivial circumstance now increased his ill will. Just so is it in every thing, for only *make* a breach and how speedily is it widened.

A few days passed away and Stacy advanced rapidly in his objects—his first aim had been to gain the affections of Ellen—this he felt already sure of doing—he supposed that in a short time her love would be unalterably fixed upon him, for he evidenly knew that she was pleased with his attentions; and why should she not be? His character was good—he was the friend of her cousin, and she had known him long and long. Alas! for us poor mortals! that we can but look on the outside—alas! for us. What a dreadful situation is that of an enemy—always studying revenge—revenge. Passing his nights without sleep, and his days without comfort—to whom the sight of him he hates, is like a hot breath, breathed in on his very soul, and scorching up the fountains of his heart, while he must even touch his hand, and seem his friend—while he burns to spurn that hand from him, and tread his foot upon his breast! Just so felt Stacy; just so was he even pursuing his plans for revenge. The morning after the party, he called upon him. "Good morning, Nicholas," was his address. "Good morning," was the hearty answer, "but why don't you call me Brandon." "Why" said Stacy, laughing, "don't you like the name, Nicholas?" "Like the name! you know I hate it; I would have altered it long ago, but my uncle would not have liked it." "Liked it! well faith, I would have altered it if I had wanted to do so, without troubling my uncle about it at all." "Well," replied Brandon, in his indecisive way, "I *have* a great mind to do it now, that is a fact." "Fact! do it then, you dunce; send on your petition and have

your name Charles, in a trice." "Well, I will think of it, that's all I can do about it now." "Yes, and that is all you'll *ever* do about it." "Is it?—no, I'll be hanged if it is—you'll see." "Very well," said Stacy, "you come up in the office to-morrow, and see me, will you? and we'll talk about it;" and he went out. "There, you monkey," said he, "I have *you* fast; so now for my pretty Ellen."

The next day Brandon called upon Stacy. "Well Brandon," cried he, "what have you determined upon?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know?—why not? You mean to have your name altered, don't you?" "I hardly know what to do about it; if I have it altered, I am afraid that my uncle won't like it, and I want to please him." "But why are you afraid of displeasing him? You are not afraid of losing his property, I hope?" "His property! no, *that* may go to the devil, for aught I care about it; but I should not like to have the old man displeased." "No," replied Stacy, "but I should be more sorry not to have myself pleased, I think; besides, the old man will care nothing about it. Why he knows that you talk of having your name altered, and he has made a will notwithstanding, no longer past than yesterday, constituting you the heir of his property." "What! are you sure of that?" "Sure, yes, the old man of mine drew up the will; come, you have your name altered, and I will write you a petition." After some little demur, Brandon agreed, and the petition was sent off, and in due time *granted*, that Nicholas Brandon should take the name of Charles Brandon, thus, as Stacy thought, sealing his doom and his disinheritance; and now he pressed his suit the more eagerly with Ellen, till at length, she consented that they should be wedded one week after the marriage of Charles, which was to take place in a month. Alas! how does the little wight Love, blind the eyes of his votaries! Had not Ellen's eyes been thus darkened she could not fail to have seen by the dark, yet triumphant looks of Stacy, when Charles was mentioned, or his change of name particularly, that all was not right between them. Mary observed it, and told it to Charles; but he only smiled at her, twined her soft hair, or kissed her bright cheek, and told her of her soft voice. Stacy had told old Nicholas Harrington of Charles's change of name, but the old gentleman expressed no wonder at it, but merely looked sharply at Stacy, who cast down his eyes, he knew not why, and went out from him; and when he told him of his own intended marriage with Ellen, all that he obtained was that same eternal ejaculation "very well!" and a kind of quiet smile at the corners of his mouth.

The wedding night came, and the guests were all gathered in the spacious chamber of the house of the uncle. It was a delightful evening; it was June and the windows were all up, and as they sat there, bridegroom and bride, old and young, and waited for the holy minister, and looked out on the starry heaven, it seemed a fit type of the soul of the bride, all pure and innocent as the sweet stars sleeping up there in their homes, and in their beauty. The minister arrived and they were joined in the bands of holy wedlock. And then the old man stood up and said in a few words:—"I hold here a will, made but a short time gone, by which I appoint Nicholas Brandon, my heir, unless he change his name; and in that case he receives but a small legacy; now he *has* altered his name, but at whose instigation and for what purpose, you can best learn from William Stacy, and my worthy friend the lawyer here, the only one whom I could ever think with complacency, and now before you all, I declare that this will is null and void, as you will see, and that I will divide my property equally between Charles and Ellen," and he sat down and tore the will in pieces.——Heavens! the lawyer had overheard Stacy's advice to Brandon, in the office. Stacy claimed Ellen's hand, but she told him, "no, not even if she were at the altar," and he left the village directly, and Ellen's hand was soon solicited and obtained by a young lawyer in a neighbouring town. Of all the proverbs which I might choose to end with, I take this, readers remember, "there's many a slip, 'tween the cup and the lip."

ALBERT.

FOR THE EMERALD.

A SKETCH.

Anjeer, in the island of Java.

"It is a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"
Childe Harold, Canto XV.

During the night, there was much rain, the breeze had gradually died away, and the waters subsided to a perfect calm. As the morning dawned, we beheld, on our right, the coast of Java. The curling mists, as yet undispelled by the early sun, were hovering around the mountain tops, and shooting into the vallies; here and there the smoke arose from the wigwam of some Indian, along the shore, or the even line of the coast was broken by the sail, glittering with the morning be[illegible] man, who was putting off for his daily toil.

The slight breeze had scarcely ruffled the bosom of the sea, scarcely had our ships sails swelled before it, than we were surrounded by the canoes of the natives, bearing in abundance the products of this favoured spot. Quickly were the decks strewn with the delicious pine-apple, the milky-cocoanut, real turtle, and every peg about the ship's side was hung with a cage, containing some of the variegated songsters of the grove.

As the inhabitants of these Isles, or at least of their immediate coasts, we presumed to be innocent in their dispositions, they were permitted to come freely upon our decks, affording us a good opportunity of viewing more narrowly their forms and countenances. They are slightly built, graceful, and as the intense heat of the climate dispenses with much clothing, it is displayed to full advantage; their hair and eyes are of a jetty blackness, and a subdued fierceness forms the general expression of their faces, where beauty, certainly hath never set her seal. In conversation with us they used a mixed language, consisting of Malayan, Dutch and Spanish words, but in the island of Sumatra, I subsequently met an Indian with whom I conversed in Spanish for a length of time, he appeared to me to be more wild than many of his associates, and consequently to have had little intercourse with strangers—how he learned his Spanish, how he was so proficient, was to me truly a problem.

The boats of these savages deserve a remark, en passent: they are scooped from the trunk of a tree, perfectly plain, not the least ornament, except a sea-weed pennant from their matting sail, for the construction of which these children of nature are justly celebrated.

The day was well nigh spent—we were supplied, in profusion, with all their eatables, curiosities, et ceteras; the decks harmonious with the whistle and chirping of the birds—when we arrived off the Indian village, and Dutch fort of Anjeer, the wind was rapidly failing; the anchorage beyond insecure, and the desire of some quiet and rest, after patiently enduring the scorching sun, induced us to make this our anchorage for the approaching night; enough of day yet remained, to justify a wind to the shore, and after the vessel had been safely brought to anchor, every sail furled, the boat was dropped into the water, manned, and in a few moments we found ourselves once more on the firm earth, but in a land how different from that to which we had always been accustomed! *Here* was the tropical sun sinking in the west, casting his beams on the lofty palm tree, the long extended grove, which on this luxuriant land knows no limit but the margin of the sea, glittering on the peak of the verdant mountain which bore on its bosom calm clouds lit by the same sun's ruddy rays; and around us, a dark people roaming still in all the wild, odd revelries of untamed nature! To this remark all are not obnoxious—upon our landing there was one, who (urged by the spirit of traffic, as we afterwards discovered,) offered himself as our guide to the village, curiosities and views which were worth our attention. We visited the Dutch commandant of this station, who received us with that dull, cold, phlegmatic manner which his icy nation may so justly claim, and so willingly be granted. Our search was for something a little more after nature's fashion, and we continued our walk, to enjoy the light that remained by seeing as much of the spot as practicable.

The beauties of the isle seemed to burst upon us at each succeeding step, and the thought immediately struck us, how beautiful might this spot be to a few souls who could justly appreciate it, and rove among its still groves in that peace which has not been man's since the pastoral ages. Our path led us by the sea-beach, which was studded with a long line of lofty cocoa-trees, it conducted where the natives buy their rice, and supply their other immediate wants. Leaving the beach, we struck off into a grove; delightful seclusion! in whose bosom these children of nature had built themselves a village; under these delightful shades they were born—there they had lived, and smoked together their pipes, and held their councils, and told over to their young, the dark daring deeds of their ancestors in the bloody war; how hard, how very hard that they must quit those shades, and for ever, when a far foreign *mercantile* monarch shall bid them.

In that secluded grove, where the only noise was the chaunt of the bird, or the roar of the ocean at its feet, had they built themselves a village, the cocoa-trees shooting far above the roofs of their cane dwellings, defended them from the meridian heats, whilst the cool sea-breeze was gently wafted among the trunks and over the verdant fields. The detached wigwam of an Indian first attracted us; it was slightly built, its owner was taking his supper; we entered his door, and without the least expression of dissatisfaction—rather seeming to enjoy our curiosity, he continued his meal; it appeared that he was a man of some distinction, for his board was spread with much care, and servants were in attendance; every thing about him was neat, but, unfortunately for him, our host had not learned the use of knife and fork, and used instead those natural implements, his fingers; he requested us to partake his repast, we thanked him and withdrew.

Our eye was next caught by their burial ground, a spot surrounded by a low wall, ornamented in a style which would have done credit to a more cultivated race, but as they dislike to approach it, it bears the traces of neglect; its walls are blackened and decaying, and a withered dead broken tree springs in the centre of the surrounding graves—apt remembrancer of death! Our guide was very desirous that we should visit his house, and as it was growing late, a compliance with his request we thought would perhaps give us the only and best opportunity of getting a glimpse of the interior of their dwellings and of their domestic economy. He led us into a street, on each side of which a barrier or fence *of matting*, hid from us the dwellings themselves. Stopping at the gate of one of these fences, he invited us to enter, of course his first notion was to exhibit what he had to sell, his last

and secondary, to gratify our curiosity. We purchased some of his articles, supposing this to be the best douceur we could offer him, and probably, the best means of opening to us the remainder of his dwelling. We requested him to shew us his wife: this man, judging it well to have a couple of strings to his bow, had provided himself with two of the *not** fair daughters of Eve, one of which, poor thing, was indisposed, and the other (oh ye jealous Eastern lords!) roaming *at liberty* in his court-yard! A thing I had not altogether expected in these Eastern climes. Both of these females, I judged to be not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, whilst their husband certainly was not less than double their age. From his expressions I could gather, that woman is there held but in poor esteem, and that her services are applied to the mere drudgeries of life.

If his dwelling was under *their* superintendence, it speaks much for them; neatness, cleanliness, prevailed in every feature; and, I dare say, he was ever certain to be met with a smiling lip, or a beaming eye.

A light, burning in his main building, arrested our attention, and permission was granted us to gratify our curiosity; when we approached the light, a murmur ran through the surrounding crowd; wonder was in their looks, for we no doubt were committing, in their opinion, a sacrilege, as this altar consisted of a curiously painted box, around which were placed several lamps, and jars of water, the whole reminding one, forcibly, of a Catholic ceremony. After a cursory examination of this establishment, which I was glad to leave, on account of the suffocating heat, we went our way towards the shore, passingin the way the Dutch fort, which is circular in shape, moated and manned by an Indian force, the whole station not comprising more than fifteen or sixteen whites.

There is some mighty magic, probably in the enervating climate, that binds the savage Indian to be the servile sycophant of the foreigner, whether he be a Spaniard, Englishman or Dutcnman; he seems born only to be a slave, and will ever,

"Lick, yet loath, the hand that waves the sword."

The sun had set; but in these climes all is not night as soon as he is beneath the horizon—*then* commences a more beautiful gradation of tinting than can emanate from the imagination of a mere *mortal artist*. From the watery line of the distant horizon, up to the mid-firmament, all the superb hues of the rainbow are regularly ranged, until they mingle at last with that pure, clear, ethereal blue, which all can admire, but no one can paint or describe. In the clouds which cluster around the western horizon, lit up by the fiery rays, the fancy may picture castles and cities, groves the country cottage, the rolling stream, the fiery dragon; battles, and all, that in one concise term may be summed up, as the poetry of the clouds.

We paused a moment on the shore, to look on this magnificent scene; jumped into our boat; a few pulls of the oars brought us once again aboard the ship; night closed in, and the moon soon piercing above the mountains, shed its mellow light over the vallies and verdure beneath, and produced one of those lovely scenes upon which a contemplative being delights to gaze.

The succeeding dawn brought with it a brisk breeze, and fair promises of a continuance; the anchor was immediately weighed, the canvas dropped from the yards, and as it swells before the auspicious wind, let us take a farewell view of Anjeer and its surrounding beauties.

The town of Anjeer lies immediately on the beach, and forms the centre of a vast grove of cocoa-trees, which extend for several miles along the shore; behind this it begins to ascend, until it terminates in majestic mountains, covered with trees of various hues, and at our parting, the whole, gilded over by the light of a morning sun, and reflected in the mirror like sea beneath, offered us a spectacle, beautiful as it is rare. The breeze increased and under its propitious influence, we

"Bade adieu to the land where the clouds love to rest,"
Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountains cold breast."

Allured by the syren chorus of this beauteous isle, thousands have taken their abode among its still fertile, harmonious groves; their senses become enervated, their bodies wasted, until finally they fell victims to disease; it is like a sparkling draught, which, when once swallowed, teaches the unwary drinker that poison may lurk in the fairest drop, and falsity be veiled by the fairest form. My bosom, nothwithstanding, frequently yearns toward the charms, perhaps fatal ones, of this delicious isle. Often do I desire to view once more its stupendous mountains, its luxuriant hills; to breathe its balmy air, and seated under its tall trees, to see the sun sink into the deep, dying his pathway in the clouds, with those various colours which blend only in tropical skies, and beautify only tropical scenes.

URAH.

*The women, understand me ladies, are black in Java.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SKETCHES....NO. VI.

SOMETHING UNCOMMON—*By the Wanderer.*

I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife,
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous.
SHAKSPEARE.

"I'll introduce you to her," said my friend to me, after having exhausted a half hour in a most eloquent description of a fair one of his acquaintance. "I'll introduce you to her, and then you may judge for yourself. Poetry itself could not portray her; she is far above the every-day beauties that dazzle our vision. Her mind is richly stored—her disposition is gentle and affable—her heart is generous and open—her fortune is ample, and her manners are truly winning. But few of our sex have been blessed with a sight of her; for her guardian, a crusty old bachelor, keeps her, like a pearl in its shell, hidden from vulgar gaze. I being her cousin, am privilaged; and shall make bold to introduce you—the rest you can do yourself."

"But why, my friend," said I, "do you not woo this paragon yourself? It seems to me, that you would not sacrifice so much perfection to friendship." "I marry?" exclaimed he, "I would as soon think of leaping to the moon; and besides, she has a most uncommon fault for a woman." "And what is that?"—asked I. "You must discover it yourself: It is not a very dangerous one—but, there is a degree of singularity in it, which makes her one among a thousand."

Curiosity compelled me to yield to my friend's solicitations; the curiosity of beholding a woman perfect in every thing, but one; and what that *one* was, I could not imagine. I named over all the faults in the catalogue of mankind's imperfections; but my friend assured me that I had not yet hit upon the right one. "Be patient," said he,—you will soon discover her failing." "Does she drink?" enquired I, impatiently. "O, no, no—nor take snuff—nor pet cats—nor swear. Live in ignorance till to-morrow at twelve, when I shall call for you. I believe you love poetry; charge your memory with a few scraps; for, believe me, you will have need of *tongue*."

"Ha!—she is a blue-stocking!" exclaimed I triumphantly. My friend only shook his head and departed, leaving me to conjecture all that I could, without positively advancing any thing.

It will take many and many a year to erase from my heart, the fleshy tablet of memory, my first interview with Eugenia. She was alone, when her cousin and I entered the parlour. Before her lay a painting which she was just in the act of finishing; and I could not help thinking how true must be the mimicry of nature, when attempted by the most perfect of her offsprings. My friend had been cold in his description of his angelic cousin; she was more than my warmest imagination had portrayed; and as her snowy bosom heaved beneath the thin, but enviable lace that barely shrouded it, I uttered to myself, "there is no fault there; guilt never made that breast its home." One look upon her face was enough to fire the soul—her cheeks gave equal dominion to the rose and the lily, while benignity was written in her smile. But her eye—(Mr. Editor, if you will be so good as to lend me *your** pen, I will describe it true to nature)—it had not the leer of coquetry—nor the down cast of the prude, nor the *upcast* of the puritan, nor the oblique cut of pride; no,—it was eloquent with the tacit language of the soul. "There is no fault there," said I to myself, while I stood half stupified before an earthly divinity.

My friend introduced me, and she gracefully arose from her chair, at the same time offering me a seat. Such grace, such ease, such naivette I never before beheld; heaven was in her countenance, and, and, (prithee Mr. Editor, don't dab me an euthusiast) there was music in her frown. I spoke, or rather stammered out the compliments of the day; descanted on her painting, which a master might have been proud of, and spun my watch key a thousand times ere I raised my head, and, lo!—my friend had left the room, and I was alone with his single-faulted cousin!—My poetry was now called in requisition; I quoted from the most celebrated authors—a thousand pretty stanzas rolled from my tongue; for who could but feel inspiration in the presence of so perfect a creature (bating *one* fault?) An hour passed, and I had not, as yet, heard the melody of my angel's voice. She listened to all I said, and appeared to enjoy the tete-a-tete; I was the happiest man in the world; had I been the master of mines, treasures, empires—I would have thrown them all at the feet of Eugenia!—"She will make an excellent wife," thought I to myself, "for she has *but little to say*—there's no fault there."

Determined that she should take her share of the conversation, I questioned her on the art of painting; and soon had the pleasure of hearing her timidly breathe the monosyllables "no, sir" and "yes, sir." "Miss Eugenia," said I, tired of *yes* and *no*,—"may I know your opinion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature?" She became confused, the hue of the rose came and went; and, and looking steadily in my face, as if to read my thoughts, she stammered out. "*Excu-u-use m-m-me, sir, I—st-t-tut-t-ter.*"

"A monstrous fault," thought I, as I made my way to my lodgings.

*Very palatable stuffing from the author of "*The Rival Harps.*"—Ed.*

Who shall have the prize?—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. "Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forward in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each filled with conscious pride, and each immagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at those beauties," thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting—"I will see them as they pass;" but as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

ALPINE COURTSHIPS.

From a new French Work by M. Jerome.

In the fifth chapter of this work we have the following curious account of the manner of courtship, observed in some of the wildest and remotest regions of the Alps.

Their manners are unknown in the towns situated at the very foot of these mountains. The citizens of these good towns are like the lodgers of the ground floor, who never trouble their heads about what their neighbours who live in the garrets are doing. Social immobility is the dominant trait in the character of these people, who live in what are called the *hauts travers* of the mountains. What their forefathers thought, believed, said, and did, a thousand years ago, they think, believe, say, and do at present. They are primitive beings who have but few points of contact with the beings of secondary creation. Sometimes a quarter of a century passes away without any strangers being seen in their abodes. When one of these herdsmen wishes to marry, he goes on a Sunday after mass, with his father, grand-father, great-grand-father, if he be still alive, in a word, with the whole ascending line to the house of the fair one. They enter, sit down, and without saying a word, put a sadion cake on the table. This cake is the orator of the party, and in order to let it speak, the gallant and his family retire in silence. The following Sunday, at the same hour, the party [illegible] same house; and if they find the cake whole and untouched upon the same table, they take it up and carry it away without saying a word. But if the cake has disappeared or if a quarter, one-third, or half of it has been cut, it is a sign that it has been acceptable, and that the gallant may come back on the fourth, the third, or the second Sunday following, according to the greater or less proportion of the cake that has been cut off; should but a few crumbs remain on the table, it is an invitation to return the next Sunday. The following Sunday the gallant comes, always accompanied by his *ascendants*, and finding the cake almost entirely eaten he takes from under his coat a blackbird with a reddish spot (*un merle a plaque rose.*) a bird indigenous to the Alps, and ties it by the foot to the *sabot* or wooden shoe of the fair one, which by a chance, *calculé d'avance*, is found lying in the middle of the table. At the sight of the bird; his red spot, his beak and his tail, the fair one, who knows well what all these mean, cries out and protests that she will not accept of it, that she will have nothing to do with it, that it is odious to her sight. She then quits the house and runs into the fields like one distracted. (This is the most approved etiquette.) But the following Sunday, when the gallant returns, if he should find the blackbird in a neatly made cage, he presents the damsel with a rusty reaping-hook without a handle. At the sight of this instrument there is another exclamation of surprise and scorn, and another flight into the fields.

"Take back your old iron, what would you have me do with it? says the fair one. But the gallant is now accustomed to these ways and does not lose courage, but returns the next Sunday, followed, as on the former one, by his *ascendants*; and, if he finds the reap-hook cleaned of its rust and fixed in a new handle, he then for the first time, speaks to his fair one, touches her hand and pats her upon the shoulder. Then follow compliments and kisses, the relations drink a few glasses of wine, the lovers converse for a short time together, and you are then admitted and received in the house as *herbager*—a grade which is in the same relation to that of husband as the dignity of licentiate is to that of doctor. It is then tacitly understood that the gallant shall go during the fine season and cut the new grass with his fair one, taking care to make use of the reaping-hook that has been sharpened and put in a new handle with an attention so full of delicacy. And accordingly, as soon as the earth is covered with verdure, our young couple set out very frankly together to cut grass, which they make into bundles, and bring to the house of the betrothed. The harvest lasts a month during which period they have had time to become better acquainted with each other, in cutting the same grass, singing the same song, drinking out of the same cup, and eating off the same platter.

But flowers and grass are of little consequence; we must come to the fruits; and it is the season of gathering them that is looked forward to with impatience. As soon as the strawberries begin to ripen before the end of July, our herbager, who has been absent from his fair one more than a month, comes to her house, always accompanied by his principal relations, always at the same hour, and always on a Sunday; he brings a neatly made osier basket, adorned with flowers, which is the same as if he said to his fair one, "Let us go and gather *maioussies* (strawberries) together." She looks as if she then saw him for the first time. She disowns and rejects him: witness the harsh words she addresses to him:—"Go seek somewhere else for your dupe. There is nothing for you to do here. I scorn you and your basket." She further seasons this dismissal with the following disagreeable epithets—"blackamoor," or "carrion," [illegible] "weazelmuzzel," according to the complexion, colour of the hair, or form of the nose of the poor devil. But he is far from being discouraged. The following Sunday he calls upon his fair termagant, and is not very much surprised to find upon the table two baskets instead of one; by which he is to understand he has been promoted a step, and is accepted as maioussier. And it is by virtue of the privilege which this dignity confers upon him that he sets out alone with the damsel the following Sunday, at the break of day, and does not return till night fall, when they bring back the two baskets filled with strawberries, which are left with the maiden, the gallant retiring to sleep at home. A certain interval then intervenes—time passes; love remains, the autumn arrives, and with it on a Sunday the lover. You have now been accepted *herbager* and *maioussier*, you have cut grass and gathered strawberries, moreover your blackbird has been accepted, and your cake has been eaten, and consequently you present yourself with that noble assurance which the favors with which you have been honoured inspire.

You take from your pocket, and boldly offer a very elegantly turned nut-cracker, made of box-wood; but how grievously has your presumption misled you! At the sight of the odious instrument, the blood rushes to the face of the maiden; she is almost suffocated by anger, her laces burst and her heart bounds; she snatches from the hand of the rash intruder the odious instrument, and throws it at his head—taking care, however, that it shall not go within a yard of his ears. But how bitter and sincere is her regret at having missed him! Let him dare to return, and he shall know what he has to expect; and, in fact, the gallant returns the following Sunday, and finds upon the table a large basket, at the bottom of which he perceives a rose together with the odious nut-cracker, enveloped in garden rocket and tormentil. This denotes that you have been promoted another step. Then all the relations near and distant, both on the paternal and maternal side, assemble, and confer upon you with a most obstreperous sounding of horns, the dignity of *olagnier*, with all its honors, privileges, franchises, and immunities. (*Olagnier* comes from *olagne*, the synonime of nut-cracker.)—This grade gives the young couple the liberty of going alone on a Sunday into the woods with the nut-cracker and the basket, which latter they are to bring back full in the evening to the maiden's house. The nuts gathered and brought home, have now to be cracked, sorted, pounded, heated, and subjected to the oil press. Consequently you have still to be admitted as nut-breaker, sorter heater and presser; and even after all this you have still, before you then can be admitted to the temple of Hymen, to be examined as to your skill in spinning, and if approved of, raised to the rank of *spinner*. You must necessarily pass through all these grades before you can be invested with the sights and prerogatives of a husband. A code regulating all these peliminaries, exists; it is written in the *romance* language; and, amongst others, contains the following maxims of pastoral gallantry. The *herbager* should be sighing and suppliant; the *maioussier* gallant and seductive; the *olagnier* patient and suffering but presumptuous in intention; the *spinner* complaisant and enterprsing; the *husband* doleful and drowsy. By the same code it is the duty of an *olagnier* to give to his fair one, two pounds of virgin wax at Cadlemas, a bundle of box-wood the first Sunday of Lent, a pot of honey on Ash Wednesday, two pigeons at Pentecost, and a fricasee at Easter. Thus the habitudes of these simple and honest people lead their minds always to religion; which is a more pure and elevated lave than the other.

MOTION OF ANIMALS.

[illegible] motion is wonderful though from its perpetual. Pholas (a shell fish) has the power of perforating the hardest marble by means of a fleshy substance, apparently no way suited to so laborious an employment. It increases its cell as it increases its size; and constitutes a perfect example of the first rudiments of animal motion. The only impulse an oyster possesses arises out of its power of opening and shutting its shell. The muscle moves by means of a muscular substance resembling a tongue. The crab moves sideways, and the water fly swims upon its back. The serpent undulates, and the lion-ant moves backwards; it has no power to make the smallest inclination forward. Marine birds can walk, run, fly, and swim. Some animals can only walk, others only run, and others only gallop; the horse performs all these motions. The tiger and the crocodile dart; the rein-deer runs but never gallops; the armadillo walks swiftly, but can neither run nor leap; while the great ant-eater climbs much better than it can walk. The sloth is a large animal, and yet can travel only fifty paces in a day; an elk will run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly 18 leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach 253 leagues in the short space of 15 hours. Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has in maturity and health 60 bones in his legs and thighs, 62 in his arms and hands, 60 in his head, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles in the structure of his body, and his heart has 3,840 pulsations in an hour.

Harmonies of Nature.

Study—He who began his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by persoverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported—thus a man, being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her neice he expostulated with her, and requested her plainly to divulge her reasons.—"I see the villain in your face," said she, "That is a *personal reflection*, madam" answered the lover.

Mr. Martin's Picture of the Deluge.—The engraving just published of this extraordinary picture. It is engraved in the same stile with Martins's other works, but from the absence of a variety of lights and colors, which characterize his Belshazzar's Feast, it was more difficult to execute with effect. It is however, a most successful effort, and conveys the grand and gloomy effect of a picture upon one of the most sublime subjects which the history of the world has presented to the imagination of the poet or the painter.

The rushing of the waters—the breaking up of the fountains—the windows of heaven opened,—are indeed, all truly and horrifically depicted.

Byron's noble drama of 'Heaven and Earth' is finely touched in this picture:

"Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glitt'ring top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow! No more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at ev'n,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
For angels to aught on, as the spot
Nearest the stars!
Shall prayer ascend,
When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
And rushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very desert knows no thirst?
Where shall we fly?
Not to the mountain high:
For now their torrents rush with double roar
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
Already grasps each drowning hill,
Nor leaves an unsearched cave."

The borrowing of Newspapers is a very unfair and hard-honorable practice. Suppose the principle should be adopted, and that people should take it into their heads to borrow the goods and wares of tradesmen, instead of purchasing them—what a pretty pass would things come to. How would a shoemaker stare if one would ask him for the loan of a pair of boots, saying that he only wanted to wear them! Yet people borrow a newspaper; they only want to read it.

An impossible circumstance.—Sheridan one day, being dressed in a very handsome pair of new boots, met a friend, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Friend. Those are handsome boots, Sherry. Who made them?

Sheridan. Hoby.

Friend. How did you prevail on him?

Sheridan. Guess.

Friend. I suppose you talked him over in the old way.

Sheridan. No—that won't do now.

Friend. Then, when they came home you ordered half a dozen pair more?

Sheridan. No.

Friend. Perhaps you gave a check on Hammersley, as you knew would not be honored?

Sheridan. No, no, no—in short you might guess till to-morrow, before you hit it:—*I paid for them!*

The following Epitaph is to be seen at Saragossa, in Spain:

Here lies
JOHN CABECCA,
Preceptor of my Lord the King.
When he is admitted to the choir of angels,
whose society he will embellish,
and where he will distinguish himself by his
powers of song,
God shall say to the angels, "Cease ye calves!
and let me hear John Cabecca, the
preceptor of My Lord the King!"

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

To Correspondents.—We have received several communications this week, but we have not room to express our acknowledgments, severally.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. LXII. ARTICLE, "THE DECLINE OF POETRY."....CONTINUED.

WE endeavoured in our last number, to show that there were at least two different kinds of poetry, which require different powers of mind to their full comprehension. These were works of fancy, and those of imagination. Fancy, we conceive to be the faculty of combining ideas; imagination, the power of creating them; the former being peculiar to what is called talent, the latter to high and original genius. We drew a comparison between a selection from Pope's Essay, and a passage from Shakspeare, to explain the difference of their character, which we believe to be sufficient to establish our position, though it would be easy to multiply instances; but we must proceed to notice the article under consideration.

The North American reviewer has asserted that poetry has declined in the public estimation; that it is not read so much as formerly; that it is not regarded, now, as so important to the character of the mind; and in short, that it has declined from its high estate, and is now a very inconsiderable art. And what does all this tirade spring from? Simply from the writer's aversion to Leigh Hunt, and from his own bigotry in matters of taste. We have Byron, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Keats, and Shelley, and Coleridge, and others like them, held up to prove that poetry has been declining of late, because, forsooth, the critic cannot feel the beauty. and the depth of their productions. He treats of poetry as he would of rail-roads and canals, with very little knowledge of his subject; and a score of bards are massacred with as little lenity, as captain Bobadil would thin a platoon of soldiers. We agree with the reviewer, that the age has produced all sorts of extravagance, and that the splendid constellation above named has contributed its share; but of all the literary extravagance we have yet seen, his own article on the decline of poetry is the greatest. The history of English poetry affords ample testimony, that its character at different periods, is derived from the peculiarities of the times. This will be admitted by all familiar with English history and literature. The present state of poetry is characteristic of the age; excitement is its object; and nothing is read with interest, which cannot stimulate the relapse of attention. But we will not admit, that the age has been behind hand in productions of poetic genius, or that the art has fallen into disrepute, from the practical habits of the age; for such is the purport of the reviewer's language; who appears to have crammed every idea into his paper, which accident suggested while writing. We will not speak of those poems, which the world has admitted to be genuine; as the Childe Harold for instance; but we will point to *The Excursion* by Wordsworth. A writer who is little read, and of course little understood. The Excursion is the first poem of the age, and will be so considered in after times. We address those, familiar with the work, and ask them if it is a sign of the declension of poetry; and whether they consider it the production of a leaden age? We would ask them to observe the lyrical poetry of the last twenty years, and to find any thing of modern product to equal it; and while they are pondering over "the Battle of the Baltic—""Sir John Moore" and "Adams and Liberty" by our own, neglected Paine, to tell us whether we are so very degenerate as is represented by the North American?

We deny that poetry is less regarded than formerly. We see no proof of the assertion, except in the conspicuous instance of the reviewer's own inadequacy to judge of it. Because the spirit of the age leads more to the practical, is it any reason for the neglect of the imagination; on the contrary, it naturally promotes its cultivation. The demand for recreative literature must increase in proportion to the extent of this practical mania—for relaxation is always necessary, whatever be our occupation. But we are no more practical now than formerly; and we are a thousand times more theoretic. The march of mind, and the practical bearing of the age, and such like common places, are mere humdrum, signifying nothing. Men have passions, feelings and prejudices, the same now as they had a hundred years ago, and the application of steam to navigation has not been able to subdue the imagination of man, any more than it has succeeded in correcting his vices.

Are we to suppose that the accumulating mass of English literature, is any evidence that it is losing in public estimation—is it not, on the contrary true, that in proportion with the amount of literary product, will be the valuation of the best? Mrs. Hemans has produced her share of excellent poetry. and her works are now read and admired to such an extent, that she has transatlantic editions of them, free of all expense; editions, too, of different value, that the poor may be satisfied in their demands. Is this a proof that the public mind is seduced from its old love; and that Lacroix and Euler have superseded Spenser and Shakspear? And is this a proof that poetry is not read? We are acquainted with an editor of a daily paper in Boston, who to our knowledge, paid nearly eight hundred dollars per annum for the poetry of his paper. A shilling a line is the most ordinary pay for good poetry, and frequently a dollar a line is given.—We know instances, in our own country, lately, where a hundred dollars were given for less than forty lines, and it was no prize fighting, either.—Is this, or any of the facts above mentioned, calculated to impress one with such a belief as is entertained by the reviewer?

That poetic talent is not at present regarded as so important to the character of the mind, as formerly, is not true; because it was never considered in this light. Was it ever thought necessary to the mathematician or to the political economist?—no more than it now is to the broker or the engineer. But the principles of poetry remain the same, and the same high qualities of mind are necessary to its creation; and if the poet be in some degree lost amidst the bustle of the age, it is still in his power to live beyond his time, and to erect a monument for his country's glory, while she neglects and forgets her benefactor.

It was our intention, in the defence of poetry, to bring in array, the first poets of the age, and to examine their writings; but as we are unable to find the works of Coleridge, Keats, Shelly and Cornwall, we are compelled to relinquish the design. We believe, however, that it will be admitted by competent judges, that the age has produced, and is still producing poetry of high character; and that there is much to gratify and improve the various tastes of men. There are but few to be sure, who study Chaucer and Spenser, but those few appreciate the works of those illustrious men, and from a deep contemplation of their excellence, do much for their own age and its literature.

A NEW MAGAZINE.—Mr. N. P. Willis, so well known as a poet, has issued proposals for a new monthly magazine, on a plan similar to Campbell's. It is to consist of original and selected matter; a plan much approved by several editors, but one in our opinion inconsistent with the dignity of our literature. The work will nevertheless be very valuable, Mr. Willis possessing every qualification desirable in an editor.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO LUCY.

On being presented with a Sprig of Myrtle.

PLACE thy green myrtle, Lucy, on thy breast,
Where health's clear tide, in joyous freedom, flows;
Its native worth, in native beauty drest,
Shall flourish there, and there respire the rose.

Still faithful to the characters they bear,
The vivid myrtle tells of joys to come,
And the meek rose, with sad resistless air,
Throw's its last fragrance round the sufferer's room.

Yet not to me that epithet——Decay
Treads not more lightly on her Summer flowers,
Nor evening taper wastes its lonely ray
More gently silent, than my falling hours.

Gone is my earthly myrtle, gone the rose;
Yet sometimes brightning to my wakeful eyes,
In shades of peace, on banks of soft repose,
Unfading *buds and living* myrtles rise. D. B. B.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Written in Miss M. K's Album, as counterpart to a piece which advised her not to love.

While standing on the foaming beach,
The wandering eye no cloud can reach;
The sun just sinking 'neath the waves,
Where sons of Neptune find their graves,
Sweet *Music* with its magic strain,
Can cheat affliction of her pain;
And *Hope* can cheer while friends forsake,
And sorrow, once, of ease partake.

Turning the thoughtful mind to One,
Who swells the waves and lights the sun,
The heart, oppressed by inward woe,
No rest can find, no comfort know;
Yet gain relief in *Friendship's* arms,
From gloomy fears or dread alarms,
And gently sinks to sweet repose,
Forgetful of its direst foes.

But *Love*, a holy spark from heaven,
Sent down when woman first was given,
Has since, by Venus and her son,
Some wilful, wicked mischief done;
Piercing the hearts of silly swains,
With cruel darts and racking pains;
To leave them like the stricken dove,
To hide the dart, and die for *love*.

But this is sad, and seldom seen,
Where righteous *Love* has ever been.
For *Love*, a flame serenely bright,
Burns in the bosom with delight;
And sheds a splendour o'er the heart,
Which nought but virtue can impart.
Love can o'er come the firmest soul,
Where danger never had control.

Love leads us by his silken chains,
O'er mountains high, or trackless plains;
And *Love* most true, can find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
'Twill gather, in affections bower,
The fragrancy of every flower;
'Twill sooth the passions, calm the breast,
And give to man a heav'n of rest.

If Mary! *this*, sweet Love can do,
Most surely it was made for you;
Then lend thy heart for love to trace,
With joy his dearest dwelling place. J.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Dawes—The following beautiful lines, I believe, are original, at least they were written as such, by a young gentleman of Boston, whose genius promises a rank among the first poets in America. Seeing a few days since a little criticism of your's, upon one of the bards of Baltimore, the thought suggested itself, to offer this, with the hope of eliciting your opinion of its merits.

Your's, TIMON.

[Vide last number—*Editor.*]

TO MISS E. M. C.

And they may say, thy long dark hair,
Clustering its shadowy flow,
Is like the ravens' plumage there;
Veiling that moon-light brow!
The roseate flush that dyes thy cheek,
All bright with beauty
Like the radiant crimson streak,
Of sunset o'er the snow!
There is a charm more bright for me,
Thy soul of sensibility!
And they may say, thy dark black eye
When raised, its living shroud
Outshines the diamond gem on high,
That lights yon azure cloud!
And they may say, thy form of love,
Is like a dream of heaven!
Thy voice, like music breathed above,
Among the clouds of even!
There is a charm, *more dear to me*,
Thy spirit's spotless purity!
And they may say, thy voice, thy eye,
Dark passion's storm might calm,
Might wrap the soul in extacy—
So powerful is their charm!
There is a charm more dear for *me*,
Thy soul's engaging PIETY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MARY HALL.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

One lovely summer day,
When birds were blithely singing,
And care had flown away,
And flowers were freshly springing,
I wandered forth to drink the air,
And waken sweet revealings,
While all around me, seemed to share
My bosom's happy feelings.

Among the waving trees,
That rustled o'er a valley,
Went up the eddying breeze,
Through a cool and shady alley;
And while I listened to the rush
Of green leaves blown together,
The robin and the playful thrush
Were singing in the heather.

But soon another voice,
As though an angel hovered,
Made every bird rejoice
Within the foliage covered;
With sweeter tone than warbling flute,
It lingered on my hearing,
While other sounds were only mute,
But now, so much endearing.

Beside a pebbly brook,
I saw a woman bending,
And joy was in her look,
With melancholy blending;
And close behind her, o'er a blaze,
A water-vessel boiling,
Told plainly how she passed her days
In solitary toiling.

Charmed by her syren tongue,
That did not cease for me,
I asked her why she sung,
And looked so smi lingly?
She told me that she felt delight,
That God, who dwells above her,
Allowed her toiling day and night,
To buy her bond man lover.

Though humble thou and poor,
And, of a race enslaved,
Still, Mary Hall, endure
What all thy truth has braved!
I would not give thy honest heart,
For all Potosi's mines impart,
Or high heroic daring.

A TALE OF THE TANKARD.

BY THE REV. MR. BISHOP.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only Tankard crown'd their board,
And that was filled each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
A baby-angel's face.

John swallow'd, first, a mod'rate sup,
But Joan was not like John;
For, when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there;
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
A devil got portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, John saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaffed;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified!
His hair rose on his pate;
And—"why dost guzzle now?" he cried,
"At this enormous rate!"

"O John," says she, "am I to blame?
I can't, in conscience, stop;
For, sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the Devil a drop."

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